SMART SPRING FROCKS.

A Budget of Filmy, Fluffy Things for Women.

PARIS FASHIONS IN HATS

The Ubiquitous Bolero Seen in Many Styles and Materials.

Twists Given to the Hat Brims and Artistic Simplicity in Hat Decoration-Styles That May Supersede the Popular Bolero o Taffeta-Touches of Embroidery Expected on Every Gown-Beautiful New Foulard -New Forms of the Convenient Blous - The Fetching Undersleeve Revived.

If spring has been backward this year in the matter of budding trees and flowers, it has been prompt as usual in opening the budget of new silks, muslins, laces, and all manner of filmy, fluffy things to wear. The new hats are here also They come in tulle, crinoline and chiffon, and also in straw as delicate as any of the three materials mentioned. There is an inclination in Paris to turn the rather broad shapes straigh up in front off the face, but this is not by any means a style to be universally followed, as the brim dipping down in front or raised at the side s quite as popular and much more becoming t many faces. Most of the brims are pressed down closely to the head at the back, giving that short cut-off appearance at the sides which is so essential. It is to be thankfully noted that artistic



simplicity in trimming is much in vogue Crowns of leaves and brims of flowers form the decoration of the daintiest of toques, and one of the very new est millinery items is presented in dyed skeleton leaves lightly stitched over with sequins. These are used in place of the abused quill.

The ubiquitous bolero may be seen in all materials, in all shapes, and trimmed in all imaginable way, sor plain. In short, it seems to be one of the indispensable features of dress for all occasions. The black taffeta bolero, which is for the moment so popular, may be superseded on account of its common use by those of other materials. One new bolero is of black velvet, trimmed with applications of satin and jet embroidery. The wide revers and the facing of the collar are of white satin, black lace and rows of black velvet Another short coat which may be made of black or white satin is lined with soft Marie Antoinette silk and has revers, seams, collar and cuffs overlaid with lace or heavily stitched. A fetching bolero is made of pale gray cloth, serge or linen, stitched all over and ornamented with gilded or painted porcelain buttons. These little coats are fastened at just one point in front with a strap or one big button.

Simple but smart frocks are made of homespuns in cream color and the pale shades of pink. blue and mastic. Pale blue is to be a most popular color in all materials. A tailor gown of pale blue cloth is set off with little touches of black velvet and dainty embroidery. By the way, these touches of embroidery must be on every gown, no matter what the fabric, and the embroidery is of every description, including threads of silk, chenille and chiffon, sequins and gold thread. Many varieties of the embroidery so used are oriental and even barbaric in effect. The new foulards are beautiful indeed. The delicate pastel colorings in pink, pale blue, pale green and mauve serve as groundwork for the design in white, which is decided without being startling. A charming costume is of blue figured foulard and has a Louis XIII tunic with shawl revers. The tunic opens over a petticoat of worked white silk. The neck and waist bands are of black velvet, Voiles come in the darker shades of red and em erald green. Dark colors are very attractive in

Costumes of foulard and voile and certainly of all the thinner materials are being made rather full around the hips, a style which suits soft fabrics best Foulard and linen will be combined, and a feature of the best foulard gowns is the very large chou with long ends of mousseline de soie or crepe de chine coming from the centre of the bust. This central chou of mousseline de soie or lace will be used on linen or cambric gowns as well. Crepe de chine in many exquisite shades is to be used extensively. and one graceful frock is in wedgewood blue, set off with insertions of silk-spangied Louis XVI. shades. The skirt is slightly gathered, and the bodice tucked and swathed.

such fine, transparent fabrics.

The delightful convenient blouse shows no sign of waning popularity, and, on the contrary, grows more dainty, more elaborate, more necessary every season. Soft silk, batiste lace and Venetian satin are materials used for fluffy blouses, while bro cades, satins and handsome encrustations of passementerie are employed for those which are more elaborate. One new model blouse is of soft beavenly blue silk tucked, with a waistcoat and appliques of ecru guipure and tucked ecru mouscoline. Another of corn-colored taffeta has a



adorned with appliques of black velvet embroidered over with blue and cream silk cords. Another blouse of palest blue silk has a muslin and lace chemisette and undersleeves. It has also an applique of corn-colored silk, embroidered with white silk cord and black silk thread. An unusually pretty bandkerchief blouse is of white silk spotted



with black and bordered with rich Oriental col orings, and an effective broad black edge. Two of the most charming details for waists with which fashion has presented women this year are the dainty and feminine muslin undersleeve and the little hemstitched handkerchief revers of tinted up to date. muslin, the V left by the revers being filled in with a chemisette of the same muslin set in the narrowest tucks. This tinted muslin is much softer and also more becoming to the face than even lace. It is impossible now to buy these



enterprising needlewoman may have a season's enjoyment before they are popularly worn. Charming costumes for girls from 4 to 16, thoroughly suitable on account of their freshness and simplicity, are made of frieze in pastel shades of pink, blue and green. These are usually made in smart little tailor suits of coat and skirt. The coats for girls should delight a mother's eyes. since they are comfortable, simple and elegant

THE FRILLS OF PASHION.

Silk waists dotted all over with fine beads sewn on at regular intervals as if they were pin spots, are one of the Parisian funcies, and with these is worn a collar band pointing down below the ac-customed neck line in front and closely beaded all over.

Veils with velvet spots have been the reigning fashion for some time, but the novel feature which distinguishes them now is that you can selec your plain net, choose the size and number of spots most becoming, and have them put on to order as far apartor as near together as you like. Fancy a pretty woman standing before the mirror ar-ranging the becoming position of the spots on her yell while the girl behind the counter sews in little threads to mark the places, and you will have a new edition of the vanity of vanities, but the re-sult fully justifies the means.



are one of the many novelties in neckwear, pastel

Shirring is very much in evidence on the new thin gowns. Skirts are shirred around the top, sleeves from the shoulder to the elbow, and usually there is a shirred yoke to match.

Crepe de chine was the favorite material for court dresses worn at the Queen's Drawing Room. hat pins.

Gold braid which is the real thing gives a very chie touch to many of the new gowns. It is only a touch at the belt and wrists, however, and very artistically arranged with black velvet on a soft

Long silk and satin coats in colors as well as black, are such an evident element of fashion that there must be some reason for their appearance No doubt the elegant followers of the mode will find them useful at the races, and the watering find them useful at the races, and the watering places later on. A dark tan shade of satin forms one model, which is made in lengthwise and short cross bands on a dotted white net all above the knee. Below this point the skirt is of plain satin. The long bands are set in to give a good ine to the figure and the short ones fill in between. Flowered paniette ribbon is used for a loose lining or a second rever, and extends all down the front on each side. It also plaits in at the back lining the high collar. Dull silver buttons are the fastening.

Mohair in both dark and light shades is very much used this season. Stylish travelling gowns are made of it, pretty afternoon dresses in the

light colors sometimes striped with white, and for skirts to wear with light waists it is very desirable.

Belts are either very wide or very narrow, no

WOMEN IN COREA.

Brides With Closed Eyes-Paste Used Instead

of Thread in Clothes. "A Corean bride has her eyelids pasted to gether until she has been three days a wife," said Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who has lived for more than twenty years in China and Corea, and who is considered among missionaries to know more about the Hermit Nation, as the Coreans are called, than any other foreigner. "Notwithstanding this rather unpromising beginning, the life of the Corean woman, while secluded, is not as unbearable as that of the women of many other Oriental nations. They are poor, and consequently compelled to work very hard, but, as | boat's cabin.

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ONE OF THE SHOPPERS. Showing Incidentally From How Many Places

They Come. Among the shoppers one meets in the shopping

Among the shoppers one meets in the shopping district of the city are women not only from the city itself, but, as everybody knows, from neighboring towns and cities as well. At this great central shopping point the purchasets gather from everywhere, and yet the variety of the places whence they come might never be altogether comprehended.

So thought a stroller along South street, who saw stepping from the stringplece of a wharf to the deck of a canalbeat moored alongside, and walking then with condident steps along its deck to the cabin, a woman evidently just returned from a shopping expedition, carrying, as she did, an armful of the familiar bundles and paper bags. In her attire and manner she was precisely like hundreds of women to be met among the shoppers, and the bundles she carried were just such as they carry. There was about her nothing to make her in any way different from anybody else; and if there had been any reason for anybody sigving thought to her at all he would probably not have dreamed but what like the rest of the people met there, she lived in the city or the suburbs, and, like everybody else, under a roof, that is to say, somewhere in a house or a flat.

And it must be said that even to the South street stroller it was something rather novel to see the shopper, with an armful of bundles down here on the waterfront, not waiting uprown on a crossing for a car, nor ringing a bell in the vestibule of a flat, but though looking for all the world just like city folks, walking across the deck of a canalboat to her home, which she finds in the const-

over the sea. She does no cooking in her own house, as the Government officials take their meals at the company's house, near by.

Mrs. Clark's nearest neighbor is the wife of the agent on St. Paul, who is less lonely because she has with her her two small children, Mrs. Clark's children being grown and having their own homes in the States. There is no com-



munication between the islands except by on of the company's ships and by revenue cut ters, as other ships are not permitted to visi the islands. These ships come only in the sum mer, and from October until June Mrs. Clar mer, and from October until June Mrs. Clark does not expect to see any one or hear anything from the United States or to send word home, no matter what happens. Sickness, death, disaster may come to her far off in that forbidding sea, or may visit her own at home, but no word may come or go until navigation is resumed. St. George is absolutely without trees, but its rolling surface and mountains, a thousand feet high, are beautifully green with coarse grass and moss, and wild flowers of brilliant.



hues dot the level stretches near the sea. Blue foxes abound, and over the rocks at the water's edge thousands and thousands of seals in ceaseless activity disport themselves noisily day and might from June until December, while millions of water fowl fill the air and the sea and flutter



a rule, are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum-blossom, treasure. &c., but after marriage are known only as So-and-so's wife, until they have a son, after which they are known as the mother of

after which they are known as the mother of that son.

"As a little lass the Corean girl is taught all about the domestic work, and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothes. If too young to paste, she can at least hold over the stove the long iron rod to be used in pressing seams. The heating of this rod is the first thing taught a little girl. Later she learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them. Now, this use of paste instead of thread is a custom, so far as I know, practised only by the Coreans. It's done on account of their mode of ironing. To accomplish this difficult feat they rip their garments to pieces before putting them in water. After the washing garments are laid on a smooth block of wood or stone and are beaten smooth with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club and each ironer are beaten smooth with fronting sticks resemble a policeman's club and each froner

uses two.

"Girls and boys wear their hair hanging in
two plaits until engaged to be married, after which
the boy fastens his on top of his head, and the
girl twists hers at the nape of her neck. Coreans
hold marriage in high regard, and show a married man profound respect, while a bachelor is



treated by them with marked contempt. I have seen men greet a slip of a bay wearing a lop knot with ceremonicus deference, saying to each other. He is a man, he is about to be married; while of a much older man, and possibly a richer, who wears his two plants, they remark that he is a pig. He cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy. pig. He cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy.

"In the choice of his first bride, the torean

In the choice of his first bride, the torean leaves everything to the go between. But of all other wives, and a Corean may have ten, the man makes his own selection. It is seldom however, that a second wife is added to the household, except where the first wife proves childless. In such instances other wives are taken, but the dignity always remains with the first wife. Women are well treated, and, as a rule, live happy, contented lives. They are gentle, attractive little bodies and devoted to their homes."

LONELIEST OF WOMEN.

The Home of Mrs. Clark on a Little Island in Behring Sea. From the Washington Evening Star.

Without doubt the loneliest woman -that is to say, the one furthest removed from her kindin all these United States of America is Mrs. Clark of this city, the wife of Major E. W.



Clark, Government Agent of the Pribylof or Seal Islands in the Behring Sea. This group, composed of the two small isl-This group, composed of the two small islands of St. Paul and St. George, are the homes of nearly all the scals in existence, and they are about 1.800 miles west of the entrance to Puzet Sound and about 200 northwest of the About an Islands, beginning at Unimak Pass, St. George, when is the smaller of the two, being about six by twelve miles beyond, is forty rules from St. Paul, and it has a population of about one hundred Alents and is not five whites, constitute of Maior Chirk and his wife, a physician and two or three clerks for the Nath asserting of Maior Chirk and his wife, a physician and two or three clerks for the Nath asserting of Maior. The little village of St. George contains twenty-live or thirty house, including the company's buildings, the houses, theliading the company's buildings, the avent's house and a Greek church. There are no other houses on the islands, and Mrs. Clark is the oak white wonan. Her home is a small culture of four rooms, very cosey and comfor-

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about the cliffs. Three hundred days in the year the weather is dark and dismal, and logs hide the islands for days at a time. The cold is never excessive, but the winter storms are severe, and terriffe gales sweep over sea and land. There is no harbor, and ships come to anchor a mile or more from shore.

Her First Role in a Convent Play-Her Interview With the Archbishop of Paris a The Gaulois has just published another slice from the unfinished memoirs of Mme. Sarah

Bernhardt, written in her usual dashing and devil-may-care style. It is as follows:

devil-may-care style. It is as follows:

"It was St. Catherine's Day—a feast-day in all the convents for young girls; but this particular year it had, with us, in the Convent of Grand-Champs, an altogether special character. The customary little play was on this occasion to be enacted with a far more than ordinary earnestness. The subject, which had been selected from the Bible, was the 'Journey of Tobias!'—composed by Sister Theresa.

"The little girls to whom roles had been assigned were in transports of joy. There were little groups in which the literary merit of the piece was the subject of discussion; I should add that it was unanimously considered marvellous. What joyous 'ahs!' and 'ohs!' I heard all around me! I was sad—horribly sad. I had no role, What grief amid the sad. I had no role. What grief amid the



gave a thought to consoling me or to reasoning with me, she was entirely taken up with

the coming great event. "I could weep and rage at my ease. I knew all the roles, and I considered that my schoolmates said them very badly. Finally, I undertook to coach Louise Bugnet, my little chum,



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HAIR GOODS HAIR DRESSING

HAIR ORNAMENTS

Marie Antoinette Coffee Bessing in disgusse for those with iblustic and in the second of the second in the second Wigs & Toupees of my make are the standard of perfection. The perfect it in fine quality and exquisite work-manship make them a perfect imitation of nature, and satisfaction is assured. Hair Dressing and HAIR COLORING; French undulation, shampooing, sealp and hair treatment and hair coloring by a large and thoroughly experience corps of lady and gentlemen artists.

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in her role. She had the part of the leading angel, and was not making a success of it. "She was my mate-a child of 10 years. I loved her dearly. 'How stupid you are!' I said to her: 'I, in your place, should not be afraid at all. Now, this is the way I would say it!' But, the next day, at the general rehearsal, she was seized with such a fit of tremhearsal, she was seized with such a new dealer and dealer described with such a new dealer de

bling that she could not utter a word. We were all assembled: Mother St. Appolina was giving us a rehearsal in her way; she was imitating Mgr. Sibour. who was to be present at the exercises and was saying: 'When he does like this, you will clap your little hands in applause,' and her delicate head nodded cently, and a smile lit up her pale face, as her long sickly hands clapped an applause.

"All that would have pleased me greatly, if I had not been so angry. I knew all the roles, and had not a word to repeat. Most of my schoolmates glowed with pride; Louise Bugnet alone was sobbing. I thought her stupid. That child will never be able to fulfil her role,' exclaimed the superioress. 'Oh, no! no! I shall never be able!' That upset everything. Then a wild joy caused my childish heart to leap. The blood rushed to my temples, I sprang from the stage, and, standing upon a bench, I exclaimed: 'Mother! Mother! I know the role! Shall I play it?'

"All eves were turned upon me. I was tremb-I know the role! Shall I play it?' "All eyes were turned upon me. I was tremb-

ling, but I was full of courage. I knew the role, and felt sure of myself. Mother St. Sophia, superioress of the convent, an adored creature in the recollections of my childhood, answered; Very well, my dear; come, and repeat it for me. I threw back my untamable hair, and repeate: breathless and bold, the whole role of the lead-

breathless and bold, the whole role of the leading angel. There!' I exclaimed, as I finished.

"My schoolmates laughed, the sisters smiled, and, very much encouraged, I ascended the little stage. The rehearsal began: That will do! that will do!' everybody said to me. I was proud, and yet, I feared that I did not do it well enough. The rehearsal being finished, the breakfast beil rang. My contracted stomach and strangled throat refused me all service. How many times since then have I felt that physical anguish!

"On the table there was an extra—a creme renersee, of which I was very fond, but I could not swallow at all. All discomposed, I gazed at the scholars, who would look around and would stop to listen. They were eating and laughing. Louise Bugnet took my share of the oreme renersee. See! You took my role; I can fairly eat your creme! I began to cry, for I liked creme. Happily Sister St. Mary came in for me, to dress me. I was led into the large

I liked creme. Happily Sister St. Mary came in for me, to dress me. I was led into the large meeting room of the committee. This room, rather mysterious for a child's imagination, was unfamiliar to me.

I entered, shivering, thinking that I heard all the regulations which were discussed there twice a month. A mirror had been brought in there—the only one I had ever seen in the convent, which belonged to old man Larcher, the gardener of the convent, the only man who had admission to the house.

The mirror was an altogether too small

cher, the gardener of the convent, the only man who had admission to the house.

"The mirror was an altogether too small affair, having an oak frame, surmounted by a sculptured bird. Its tinfoll had disappeared by chunks, and all over it, numerous punctures spoiled its transparency. The nuns kept at a distance from it, as if from a danger, their black veil's lowered over their white crepe ones. The sister fouriere, or roundswoman—the only one in the nunnery that was not cloistered, on account of being continually engaged in transacting business with those who furnished supplies to the convent—was charged with the duty of dressing us. Upon me was put a very long white robe, with large sleeves. Two pretty wings were attached to me, and they, also, were white. My hair, highly frizzled, was tied around my forehead with gold braid.

"Oh! how my childish heart was beating, my Heaven!

"Suddenly, the bells of the convent began to ring out joyously, a carriage rolled into the yard Mgr. Sibour was entering.

"I was too small. I could not see: and, yet, I was exerting all my strength to raise myself. The old gardener, Larcher, took me in his arms. What a magnificent spectacle for me!

"The Monseigneur had got out of his episcopal earriage. Mother St. Sophia, our Superioress, had knelt down, and was kissing his ring. All the other nuns, with bowed heads, were waiting for the signal to kneel down and receive the benediction. I thought that beautiful.

"All those black robes, with the white surplices, and then that grand man, in violet.

beautiful.

"All those black robes, with the white surplices, and then that grand man, in violet, with his gray hair, so majestic, and yet, with such a paternally kind face, the carriage, the white horses, the big bedizened coachman, so straight and grave on his draged seat, and the priest of our chapel, mild and firm—I thought all that superb, and I resolved to become a pun. "An hour went by, and, all that time, I knew

mate had been charged to remove as necessit

mate had been charged to remove as necessary arose.

"We were eleven little girls in the little room, and not one uttered a word. The very heating of our hearts could be heard. Our feverish little hands, crossed from the habit of prayer, squeezed each other in fright.

"Finally, the larger girl, who was a boarder in the convent, came to us after having been presented with a blessed cross, and told us that she had not been frightened; that it was very easy We had only to keep looking at the bright spot which the sun made on the frame of the large tableau that represented the heavens filled with angels. In that way, each one could think herself alone.

tableau that represented the heavenshind with angels. In that way, each one could think herself alone.

"After her, Marie Hubert played a piece upon the piane. Then it was our turn.

I felt paralyzed, and a cold shiver ran from the back of my neck down to my feet. I really believe I missed my turn, for one of my companions rushed me, as Provost, my professor used to do, some years inter, at the time of my debut in 'Iphigenie' at the Comedie Francaise.

caise
"My entrence had a good effect; selzed with
sudden confidence, although half intoxicated
with fear, I placed my role well, adding entire
phrases to it. I did not know exacely what I
was saving, but I kept on just the same.
"When the play was finished, the leading

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angel was called to the Archbishop, I was triumphant, I was then only a frail girl, interesting and pretty, they said.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Bishop.
"Sarah."
We shall have to change that name, hound,
"We shall have to change that name, hound, with a smile.
"Yes,' said the Superioress, 'her father, whe
wants her to be baptized, desires her to be
called Henrietta; the ceremony will take place

The Filipino Girl's Kimo. From a Soldier's Letter in the Memphis Commercial

It is a shirt waist with enormous sleeves, and reaching the waist line, but is not belted down, It is made without buttons, and until I got accus tomed to it was the most exasperating article of feminine wearing apparel I ever came across The opening at the top is cut square, and if the maiden should hold her arms closely to her body something would surely drop.

My first experience with the aforementioned "kimo" was one evening I paid my respects to an old gentleman whose acquaintance I had made and whose daughter I had learned was one of the local belies. After the salutations and introductions and a general conversation, I asked the daughter of my host to "play the piano" for me. The girl, about 18 years old, was rather a pretty girl, but too decidedly of the brundit type to suit my Mississippi birth. She was in full evening "costume," but the waist affair was what caught my eye. As fong as her arms were akimbo or her hands at some distance apart on the keyboard the affair held up, but when she crossed her hands I felt I should sure have to make my naim-bag-a-rabii (good night) with my back turned. But your Filipino maiden is equal to the occasion. With an involuntary twitch of the arm she adjusts the slipping "kimo" and a slight exposure of a brown shoulder is all. the waist affair was what caught m

Mr. Cunningham and His Better Half.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal. St. Louis, Mo., April 12.-Since the days that Gen. Tom Thumb and his wife used to enter Gen. Tom Thumb and his wife used to enter the old Union Depot in their annual tours about the country, no couple has attracted more attention than did James Cunningham and his bride of Boston, Kv., who arrived at Union Station this morning en route to Canton, Mo. Cunningham is just three feet and four inches tall, and weighs about ninety-five pounds, while his bride measures five feet six inches and appurently would tip the scales at 150 rounds. When Cunningham stood by his wife his head reached about to her elbows. wife his head reached about to her elbows.

Grandmother and Granddaughter as Brides.

From the Philadelphia Press. BLOOMSBURG, April 18 .- A double wedding took place at Mainville, this county, to-day, in which a grandmother and a granddaughter were the brides. F. W. Gearhart of Alicona was married to Mrs. Mary C. Farnsworth of Bloomsburg, and her granddaughter. Miss Pauline Smith, the daughter of Miles Smith of Moinville was married to Harman and Smith of Mainville was married to Harman Vanne. ainville, was married to Herman Young of hiladelphia.

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